

HOMO PICNIC!

Good AAAAafternoon-

Now that my brutal yet nifty display of how far america is ahead of the russians in typewriter technology is over, I would like to welcome you to the first annual HOMO PICNIC newsletter or whatever you want to call it (please pardon all mistakes, -that's life). Basically, its purpose is to tell you what I think you should be told about us. We are a band from PHILADELPHIA, PA, and if you put on shows, we want to play at them. OK? Benefits are great, we'll play about anywhere we can. Write us(or call)!!! Anyway, whoever you are write us!!! We have two demo tapes(an old one (4 songs) and a new one(6 songs)that will be ready about a week or so from now(Nov 6)) Both are pretty good quality and they are three dollars pp. Also we have T-shirts with HOMO PICNIC on the front and the happy homo on the back. (4.00 pp.) I foresee stickers but we will just send you one when we get them made. We will answer anyone who writes (OOPS) us. If you got this letter you are on our mailing list and we will be bothering you from time to time. If you didn't get this letter, you aren't on our mailing list, but just write us and we will put you(BADD ONE) You on. Please spread our address and number around. We would appreciate addresses of zines, radios, comps, and show-putter-oners, who we will send tapes free. just write !!! I hope I didn't forget anything Oh well.

Later,
Rich Poor (NICE)

P.S. We may have a silly name, but we are serious about our music.

OH this might be useful also: HOMO PICNIC

369 E. GOWAN ST.

PHILADELPHIA P A !(!!(

19119

CALL: DUG: 215248 2634 or me :215- 387 4943

Well alot of space left that Tony says to leave blank, but then he just left the room. Here dwell upon this thought for a moment

before bedtime: SELF-REFERENCE IS THE INFINITE IN THE FINITE GUISE

oh, and politics too: Support your scene and the bands therein.

(That wasn't a joke)

well BYE-BYE

HOMO PICNIC!

LIFE'S AWESOME PURPOSE EXPLAINED!



Blanche: The Hotel Flamingo is not the sort of place I would dare to be seen in!

Vocals-RICH POOR
Guitars-DUG
Basses-MARK BALL
Drums-TONY VAN UEN

WAR STORIES

did i ever tell you son about the good times we had in the war.
me and my buddies in the second platoon, we'd fight first and then ask what
but that was back in the good old days, and america was number one
though we should've used the bomb in 'nom, it still was lots of fun
I don't want to hear your war stories,
I don't want to hear how you whipped the Krauts
I don't want to hear no more stories
about those damn japs or fighting it out.
You say a good war is what this country needs,
and that i should have my turn to bleed,
rote notzis with the same old plan.
with a new name for your fatherland

PLEASE WRITE:
HOMO PICNIC
365 E. GOWAN ST.
PHILADELPHIA PA. 19119
215-248-2684

TRAVEL IN PARADISE

the natives are restless, drums beating in the hills:
there's trouble in paradise.
discontent in the villages, people form into a mob:
there's trouble in paradise.
slums turn into flames, they're heading toward a suburb:
there's trouble in paradise.
this ideal society- you had a perfect right:
but where did your plan go wrong?
trouble in paradise,
the people will always fight.
trouble in paradise,
for what they believe is right.
trouble in paradise,
governed for the people.
trouble in paradise,
governed by the people.

we're not here for you to play games with.
i'm not a piece on your nuclear chessboard.
another cog in your plans machine,
i keep on going, but i go nowhere.

"rise up and follow me" are the leaders,
rioting in the streets, burning the police
a new government for the people,
and a new news special report.

trouble in paradise,
not a democracy,
trouble in paradise,
just a bureaucracy.
trouble in paradise,
we want to start over again.
trouble in paradise,
we need a new plan.

a return to normalcy in a few days,
every citizen must sacrifice.
you're a cog in a different machine,
you keep on moving, but you go nowhere.

and new leaders plot new plans in the villages,
and form new guerrilla bands in the slums.
"rise up and follow me" are the leaders,
we've seen this show before!

I WIN

YOU CAN'T SEE ME BETWEEN THE LINES.
LOOK IN MY MIND AT THE LOGIC YOU'LL FIND.
THIS WORLD IS A WAR, AROUND AND AROUND,
THE CROWD RAISES THEIR EYES AS THEY HEAR THE SOUND

LIGHT AT THE END, THE SAME OLD CLICHE.
SLOWLY IT BENDS, DAY AFTER DAY.
UNTIL IN DARKNESS, SEEN NO MORE
YOUR WORLD IS MINE, IMIN THE WAR.

I AM EVERY THING, but i am naught.
GAMES ARE PLAYED, but lives are fought.
DOES NIGHT END, or morning begin.
YOUR WORLD IS MINE I WIN

HOW MANY LIVES

the highest walls,
the thickest walls,
the strongest walls,
don't keep them out.
Like a flood they pass,
from house to house.
No door can keep them out.

Through your mind like snakes they slide, they are a burning pain.
There's no where for you to hide, because they're in your brain.
They are the voices in your head they have no name.
Are you afraid of the dark, will you play their game
Vengeance will be theirs, nothing less will suffice.
In the shadows they lie in wait, crouching for the sacrifice.

Their faces are unknown, their names are unknown.
Their shoes are all shapes, their hearts are made of stone.

They are the spirits of those people who died out in the streets.
They are the spirits of those children who died with nothing to eat.
They are the spirits of the kind of people you always tried to ignore
Now they've come back looking for you and you know what for...

Stanley: You know
your sister Blanche
is no lily.

FLOOD ON THE WALLS

This is not New York, do you know where you are?
We're open minded but you've pushed us too far.
You play at Nazi, but it isn't a game.
Because when you hurt one of us we all feel the pain.

Your turn is coming! can't see blood on the walls.
Reason is useless! can't see blood on the walls.
You won't terrorize us! can't see blood on the walls.
We have some surprises for you! Blood on the walls.
I don't care what you think so long as you leave us alone.
If you can't have fun in peace, leave PHILLY alone!
Not one ounce of sense in your blue-melted brains.
No matter how hard you try you can't erase the stains.

Vengeance and violence are not always right,
But this is my scene and to protect it I'll fight,
You come to our shows and then you beat up our friends.
We draw the line here, now the bullshit ends.

BATTERED DREAMS

BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMBLING HOPES,
NOTHING LEFT FOR ME BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMBLING HOPES
I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT AND HIDE MY ANGER
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMBLING HOPES
SOMETIMES I JUST WANT TO GO AWAY
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMBLING HOPES
I HANG ON FOR ONE MORE DAY

CAN'T I MAKE IT IN ANOTHER PLACE, IN ANOTHER TIME, IN ANOTHER RACE
IN A PLACE WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE REAL, WHERE THEY TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT
I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF YOUR MINDLESS GAMES, YOUR PETTY LIES JUST CAUSE HE
MY HOPES CRUMBLE MORE EVERY DAY, BATTERED DREAMS START TO FADE AWAY
TOY WITH ME, MY MIND IS BENDING, YOUR BULLSHIT IS NEVER ENDING
HURT ME TRY TO BEND MY MIND, YOU'VE LOST PATIENCE WITH MY KIND
YOU'RE THE ONLY THING THAT MUST BE CHANGED, IF THE WORLD'S SAME NOW, IT MUST
BE DELETED

Blanche: Look! We've
made a Picnic



